

Mother Earth

Short Lord

You may high five me all the time
You may never go my way
Mother Earth is layin' for you
'Cause there's a debt you've got to pay
I don't care how rich you are
I don't care what you're worth
When it all comes down
You've got to go back to Mother Earth
You may own half a city
Diamonds and pearls
You may buy an airplane, baby,
And fly all over this world
I don't care how great you are
I don't care what you're worth
When it all comes up
You've got to go back to Mother Earth

You may play the racehorses
You may own a racetrack
You may have enough money, baby,
To buy anything you like
I don't care how great you are
I don't care what you're worth
When it all goes up
You've got to go back to Mother Earth
You may play the racehorses
You may own your own track
You may have enough money
To buy anything you like
I don't care how great you are
No, I don't care what you're worth
When it all comes up
You've got to go back to Mother Earth